

## Soft Boys, High boys by leoisakoolkat

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Will discovers Mike smokes weed. He wants to try.

all the fluff

I'm so bad at summaries lol

## Soft Boys, High boys

### Author's Note:

Thanks for reading lol. I love these boys, they deserve the world. It's kinda short, sorry lol

P.S. The original title I had before this shitty one was "High bois (I finished Bless)" lmao. I usually don't finish my fanfics so

Will remembers the first time he found out. He was out stargazing by Castle Byers when he smelt a funny smell. It sort of smelled like skunk, he remembered thinking, confused. He saw smoke coming from a few yards away, and he decided at that moment to investigate. He grabbed his flashlight and the pocket knife he used for protection. After the whole Mind Flayer business, Hopper had taught him and the rest of their outcast gang basic self defense. But for Will, he was the only one who was taught how to use a knife.

It was in the summer after 10th grade, and the group had grown up a lot. Will himself grew out of the silly bowl cut he had for most of his life. His hair was still long enough to tuck behind his ears, but it was kept in a more fashionable way. He was still lanky, but grew, now standing at 5'5. Mike, however, was even more handsome than he was all those years ago. His hair still covered his ears, but his wavy curls truly showed with the haircut. He was now 6'1, towering over Will and their other friends. He still had his beautiful freckles, prominent in the summer months. He was still thin, but had a few muscles. He was perfect.

Will may have a crush on his friend. But, he rather not think about it.

He started towards the smoke and the funny smell. He knew he had smelt it somewhere before, but he couldn't remember exactly where. He was cautious approaching, keeping one of his hands on the knife. Will was known to be quiet, and he was quite good at sneaking around. That's why Dustin would refer to him as a ninja. He walked up to see someone's silhouette, smoking something. It obviously wasn't a cigarette, since it didn't smell thick of smoke. He got closer

and hid behind the closest tree to him. He turned to see who this person was way out here at night smoking...*smoking... marijuana! That was it, it was weed!*

When he turned, he was shocked to see his best friend, Mike, smoking what appeared to be smoking a joint. *Yeah, a joint.* Will only remembered what a joint was because it was the closest looking to a cigarette. He couldn't believe that Michael Wheeler was smoking weed. He wasn't mad though, just... curious. When did he start, what is it like, how does it feel....

Will decided to leave his friend alone, and stealthly walked away back to his house, where he decided to lay in his bed and let questions roam free. He didn't sleep much that night.

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Now here Will sat in Mike's basement, both in a peaceful silence. It had been a few weeks since the night Will had first seen Mike smoke, and now was the perfect time to ask him, well, about everything. It had been itching in the back of Will's mind since he spotted him, and it just kept getting worse. He just didn't know how to even start the conversation.

*"Hey Mike, I smelt something I couldn't really place my finger on while I was outside stargazing, and so I followed the smoke I also saw and it lead to you. I watched you smoke what I think was a joint since it kinda looked like a cigarette and I wanted to know if you can teach me about weed? Also I love you."*

*As if.*

Will must have been wearing his extreme thinking face, where his eyebrows furrowed together really tight and his tongue stuck out of his lips, because he heard Mike ask "You okay dude?" Will looked up, staring right into those beautiful dark eyes, and answered "yeah, I'm fine". Obviously it wasn't that convincing because Mike had put down a comic he was reading, and turned towards him.

"Seriously, Will. You know you can tell me anything." Mike said, and Will smiled at him sheepishly. He knew Mike wouldn't let it go, so he sighed. Here goes nothing. "Well, a while ago, I encountered someone smoking... weed. And I've just been thinking about it ever-

ever since then” Will explained, talking slowly so he didn’t stumble over his words or mess up. Mike raised his eyebrow in response, and Will was lucky that his friend was oblivious at times. “Wait.. what? H- how did this happen?” he asked, almost seeming protective over Will, which surprised him. “Uh... like a few weeks ago...” he replied, and Mike seemed to finally get it.

“You, uh, saw me... uh” he trailed off, and Will nodded. “Oh” is all Mike said, and Will started to laugh. “What’s so funny?” asked Mike, who was blushing lightly. “Ah, nothing. I just had a few questions” Will said and Mike smiled. “Shoot” is all Mike said, waiting for questions.

“Okay, so... When did this all start? Are you, like a... Stoner?” Will asked and Michael snorted. “Oh, no. I smoke maybe once a week, which isn’t that much compared to the people who smoke every day. And it started in the summer of 8th grade. Everything was so batshit crazy and all over the place, and this one kid in one of my classes asked me if I wanted some. I said yes, desperate to feel better, and now it’s like medicine” Mike replied, fiddling with his thumbs.

“Oh, okay. Why didn’t you tell anyone. Why didn’t you tell me?” Will asked, all of the sudden feeling hurt. Did Mike not trust him anymore? “I- I was ashamed. I thought that since I started to smoke that I was a failure, that I would disappoint everyone. But I did research, and apparently it helps with stuff like depression and anxiety, so now I don’t feel so bad about it. I just still didn’t want any of you to hate me and think I’m a stoner” Mike said, hanging his head. “Well, if it makes you feel any better, I don’t think any less about you. We all have our own ways to cope with what happens in our life.” will said and Mike looked up and grinned. “Thanks” he said, and Will nodded. “I have a few more questions though” Will said and Mike laughed. He nodded as a way to tell Will to ask on.

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“Okay, so here’s my last question” Will said, after talking about the other questions that he had about weed. He constantly checked in to see if Mike was annoyed, but he always said that it was fine, so he wasn’t too worried. “Can I try it with you? Please?” Will asked and Mike blinked in surprise. “I don’t know Will...” he said and Will

made a pouty face. He knew that Mike couldn't say no to that face, and he was right.

"Ughhhh fine, come on then" Mike said, rolling his eyes but he had a small smile on his face. He dug through a couple of boxes in the closet of the basement, and opened one, revealing a small box of weed, and a few joints ready to go. "I'm grabbing two joints here, but I don't think we'll get to the second. I don't want you to get too high" Mike said, as well as grabbing a lighter. He also grabbed two jackets, and a blanket.

"Let's go" he said to Will, and Will followed him out without a question.

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"So I grabbed the jackets because, obviously we're going to smell, so those are the ones we're putting over ourselves when we're done" Mike said matter-of-factly, and Will giggled. "Wow, you really are the master of not getting caught" he said and Mike rolled his eyes playfully. "Duh" is all he said before walking back over to where Will was and sitting down by him. "Now, you may cough a lot since it's your first time, and it might not work at all, but I think it will" Mike explained. "What you have to do is breathe it in. Like, it's going to hurt, and if it does and you can feel it in your throat and lungs, you know you've got a good hit." he says, and demonstrates for him.

"You ready, Will the Wise?" Mike said, lighting the joint again. "I was born ready, Dungeon Master" he replied, and Mike gave the joint over.

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After a few coughing fits and failed attempts, Will was finally managing to get good hits. He could feel the high creeping in. He felt it from his toes to his head, and holy fuck was it fun. He was laughing with Mike over nothing, and he just felt great. "This is greatttt" Will slurred out and Mike had laughed. "Yeah, you can really see the apple- wait, I mean Appeal" he said and they both had a laughing fit.

"Man, I just have so much going on in my head, and now everything has slowed down and I can see all of the things and it's great, I can finally think" Will said, lying down and looking up at the sky. "Yeah, I understand. What's going on in that noggin of yours?" Mike asked

and Will laughed. "Hehe, Noggin, thats a funny word. But, just a few things. School and stuff. Oh, and also the fact that I may not be straight and I think I have a crush on someone I shouldn't have a crush on" Will said, and then stopped.

"Shit did I just say that out loud?" he asked and Mike replied with a yes. "Ah, I'm so sorry. I don't even know what I'm saying anymore" Will hurriedly tried to explain, though not feeling as panicked and as bad as he usually would have. He had turned away from Mike, though he was still painfully aware of the piercing stare Mike held. The taller boy laughed, and Will turned around, sitting up with his arms crossed. "What's so funny?" Will asked, deciding to reach into Mike's pocket, fishing out the other joint. Before he could take his hand back fully, Mike grabbed his wrist, suddenly serious and it surprised Will for a moment.

"Let go asshole" Will mumbled, trying to mask the butterflies he had in his stomach with anger. Mike saw right through him, though, and Will knew it. "Seriously, why are you just holding onto my wr-" Will began, but was cut off by a pair of chapped lips connecting with his. It was a chaste kiss, Mike was just testing the waters, Will could tell.

He suddenly mustered up the courage and slammed his lips back on Mike's, this kiss much more needy and hungry. Mike had kissed back with equal force, and Will made a noise in the back of his throat as Mike bit on his bottom lip. It had calmed back down to a more passionate kiss, and Mike had Will pinned to the ground, Hands intertwined. They broke apart, and Mike, with lidded eyes and a hazy smile, whispered "I love you, Will" and to which Will replied "I love you too, Mike".

Mike had sat up and helped Will up, picking the discarded joint and lighted it up. "Fuck not getting baked. We deserve it" Mike said and Will nodded in agreement.

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It was almost 4 in the morning when Mike finally checked his wristwatch. He and Will had been talking for the rest of the time, stealing kisses here and there. "We have to get going before the sun comes up" Mike said slowly, bringing Will's knuckles up to his lips to kiss them. "I don't wanna" Will said, content where he was, lying his head on Mike's chest, listening to his calm heart beats. "I don't want

to either, but we have to. Come on, love” he said and Will blushed at the nickname. He liked it.

They both got up, stretching. Will was rubbing his eyes lightly when he caught Mike staring at him. He blushed at the intense gaze the taller boy had on him. The next thing he knew, he was being pushed up against a tree, arms pinned to his side by the other boys big hands. He gasped and Mike had smiled, a very devious smile. “Wow, unexpected” Will said, pretending to be annoyed. Mike had let his wrists go and was caressing his cheek, making Will blush. “I like to be spontaneous” is all he said, shrugging. His hand ghosted the side of Will’s neck, and Will squirmed. He was very sensitive around his neck. Mike seemed to hum in satisfaction, before leaning back down to capture Will’s lips into a more tame kiss.

Will decided to test the waters too, snaking his arm around Mike’s neck, up into his hair. After a minute of soft kisses, he tugged at it lightly, and a moan escaped Mike’s lips. “Bingo” Will whispered, gaining confidence. “Hey you little shit, two can play at that game” Mike said, before kissing Will full forced, slipping his tongue inside Will’s mouth. Will gasped and after a minute of kissing, Mike pulled back, catching his breath. “So that’s all you’re going to do? I thought you’d come up w-” Will began, but faltered when Mike kissed his jaw, to his neck. “What were you saying?” Mike asked, and Will whimpered at his hot breathe against his neck. “That’s what I thought” he said.

He continued to kiss Will’s neck softly, and by the way Will began to squirm, he knew he was getting impatient. “Easy babe, I got you. I just want to look at your pretty face for a minute” Mike said and noticed that also got Will to squirm. Mike smiled fondly at the younger boy beneath him, the blush complimenting him well.

Mike leans back down to Will’s neck. “Can I give you a- a hickey?” Mike asked, still aware that consent was key. “P-please do. Just don’t put it on my jaw when it’s super noticeable” Will replied, attaching his hands back into Mike’s hair. Mike nodded, finding a perfect spot where he could such a love mark in. He kissed it lightly as if to ask Will, and in response, Will tugged at his hair. Mike nipped at it lightly, and Will whimpered. Mike sucked down and stepped back, inspecting his work.

“Perfect. Now come on let's go, before the sun fully rises” Mike said, grabbing his blushing boyfriend by the hand. Will nodded, and let Mike guide him away, happy as hell.